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OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL

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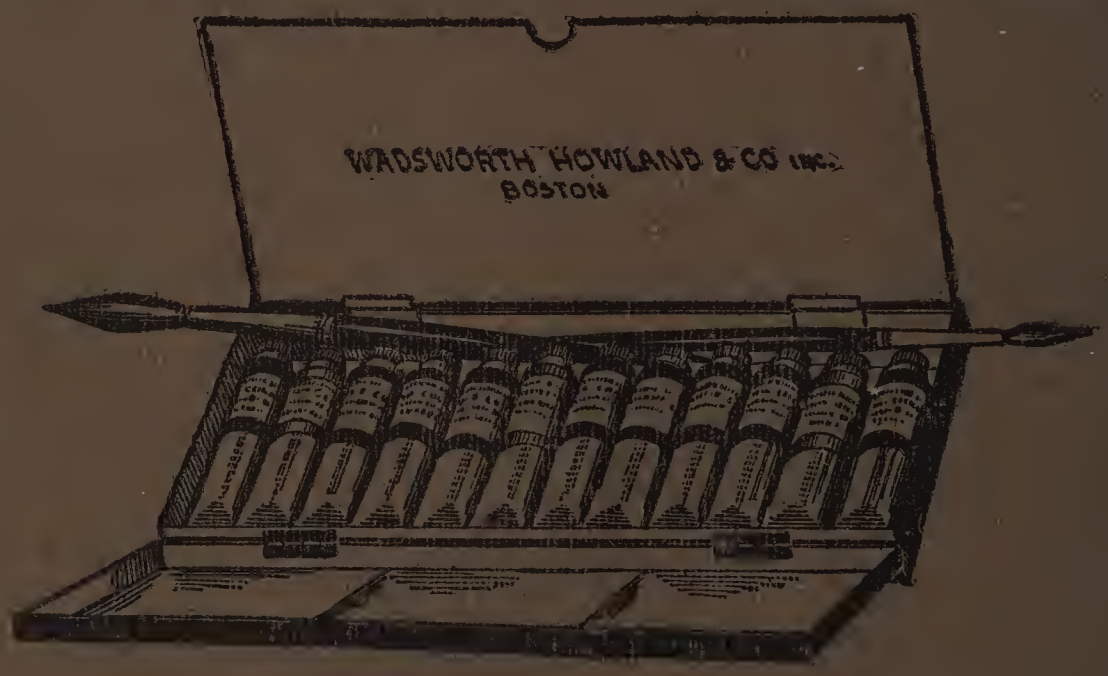


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# CENTRE OF VISION

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STUDENTS OF MR. JEPSON'S CLASS

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."—*Tusser.*

## The Colonel's Christmas Eve

It was shortly after a solitary supper on Christmas eve that the colonel walked down the broad stone stairway of the club. Without entering one of the black line of cabs that stretched before the door, he turned to the left as he reached the foot of the steps, and not minding the slight snowstorm, walked toward the shopping district. The colonel's peaceful good nature was not in running order. Whether in his old age (he had just passed fifty) he had been seized with the serpent's pangs of jealousy, or whether he had just begun to feel man's natural longing for a wife and quiet fireside, he knew not. The fact remained that for almost a year the rumored and positive announcements of marriage engagements among a few of his middle-aged friends and the "cubs," whom he rather paternally loved, had created a strange unrest that provokingly stirred the calm of his short office hours and ruffled the long club nights. The colonel had never been called a confirmed bachelor. Women liked his delicate, old-fashioned attentions, their husbands called him a jolly good fellow, and their children, between the dissipations of a fashionable child's life, put in thrilling hours listening to his yarns, or applauding wild, whimsical poems which they hardly dared to suspect as being original. Children and women occupied a large corner of the colonel's heart. His ideal of woman was very high, and the highest two places were occupied by his ward, Elizabeth, and her dead mother's most intimate friend, Maria Ward.

The father of Elizabeth had been the colonel's college chum, and after his death and that of his wife the colonel had undertaken to manage their child and her small fortune. He was glad that Bess was like her father. He knew her mother only slightly, for after her marriage they had lived in the West, and Wanderlust had never courted the colonel; but the girl had her father's vim, strength, and sweetness of character. The man's death had been a great blow to the colonel, such a blow that he thought he would never recover. But the very force of the sorrow had brought out all his love for the dead man's child.

She had been sent to a near-by boarding school, and in the brief holidays the colonel had taught her his few accomplishments,—to swim, ride and drive, to fence, and to shoot, so that when the girl grew up, it

**"The first essential to success in the art you practice is respect for the art itself."**

was not remarkable that she was a splendid, vigorous young creature of an athletic age. After her graduation from a finishing school she went to live at the house of her mother's old friend, Maria Ward

The colonel and Maria Ward had had a long partnership in the intellectual and social training of Bess. He and Maria, in her old-fashioned house, had often talked till midnight about the girl. When they first sent her to Europe alone, they had followed over a map on the highly-polished table every movement in the girl's route, while the colonel had sent a telegram to each stopping place, and given her carte blanche in all Paris shops.

The colonel had been slowly thinking of some of these things as he walked through the dark, white-covered streets. Also, he was trying to think of something that he could buy to add to the huge pile of presents in his rooms that the next day were to be given to the girl. Suddenly, in his unusual loneliness, a thought, whose despairing foolishness startled him, entered his mind. He wondered if Bess would marry him! At first the thought of the disparity in their ages came. But he knew when they were together that, in their mutual enjoyment of each other, ages were forgotten. He was sure that Bess was not in love with any one. She cared for few men in her acquaintance, and although she saw occasionally and corresponded with Bob Danvers, the young artist, with whom she had lived when a child in the Western town, the colonel was not jealous. She had told him repeatedly, "Men are so young and so silly nowadays." And it helped him a little. Passing a glowing shop window, he looked swiftly into a mirror, and the reflection, save his gray hair and white mustache, did not displease him. He was sure that he could not be called portly, although his aesthetic sense had doubts about the future. He knew that the girl and Maria Ward both idolized him, and that Bess loved him as much as the memory of her parents.

He stopped before a jeweler's window a-glitter with electric lights, mirrors, and diamonds. In the same shop, the day before, he had bought a ring for Bess and a pearl pin for Maria. He was glad that his father had been a rich man and left him his money. He would never have been able to have won it himself. At times he took a whimsical, half-laughing view at himself, knowing that he had the delicate sense and sensibilities of a poet. He was almost afraid to hope that Bess might marry him. He was glad that she was poor, for his money would bring her much hap-

piness. If they were married, they would do it quietly, without any notoriety or fuss, and slip off together, and Maria—the sudden thought that Maria would be left alone struck him dismally. He could hardly have told which he held dearer,—Bess of course he loved differently, but he liked Maria, and her keen, fine judgment. She always had a huge chair of her father's waiting for him at night before the old-fashioned white marble fireplace. He had a great deal of confidence in her ability, and never bought a painting or a lot of land without consulting her.

He often wondered why Maria had never married. She had been very slim, pretty, and gracious when they both were young, and very becoming were the grace and dignity she had acquired at a later age. She was a very good, sweet woman, and a witty woman, and the colonel was glad that, with her other virtues, she was witty. She was not a club woman, and there was something about the soft flow of her garments, the delicacy of the laces she wore, or the rare beauty of a jewel at her throat that distinguished her from the other women of his acquaintance. The colonel knew that if it hadn't been for Bess, or if she had been married, he would have chosen Maria for his wife.

The colonel was walking into the more crowded shopping streets. Big, white flakes were falling, melting on a dipping roof of umbrellas that slanted, tipped, and moved constantly in a long, black line from far up the street. Under the umbrellas the colonel saw the faces of two of Bess's friends. Her friends were all of the same type,—pretty, sweet, high-bred girls. He was glad that Bess was not a "horsey" woman; he despised the "sporty" type.

The colonel, feeling a little tired after his journey, entered a florist's, and after buying some roses for Bess and Maria, went out and hailed a cab. The snow had ceased falling, and a huge yellow moon showed over the fronts of the houses along the straight streets they were following. There were people out with bundles in their arms, and rows of young fellows went swinging by, singing three-part songs, and breaking off, and laughing. It pleased the colonel as he sat in the dark cab, and he liked to see the rows and rows of stone houses, with their windows yellow with light from top to bottom of the buildings, or once in a while through an uncurtained window he saw a man on a step-ladder trimming a tree, or a street door opening wide, and a merry crowd of young fellows and girls come laughing down the steps. The colonel was very happy. The cab stopped at Maria Ward's house, and he jumped out.

**"The great artists were not rocked and dandled into eminence, but they attained to it by that course of labor and discipline which no man need go to Rome to enter upon."**

He went up the steep stone steps and pressed the bell. The door swung open and disclosed a bright hall, from which came the spicy smell of spruce and hemlock. Over the doorway a sprig of mistletoe swung in the cold air from the street as he entered. Ropes of green garlanded the black balustrades of the stairway, and huge wreaths of holly tied with gleaming red ribbon hung against the high, white wainscoting. The man took his hat and stick. "Where are they, James?" the colonel asked.

"In the library, sir."

Feeling a little nervous, the colonel went softly over the shining floor, and just before the curtained doorway of the library stopped at the sound of a gay, tremulous laugh of Bess's. A man's deep voice spoke: "Well, I just couldn't wait. I had to have you at Christmas." And Maria's low voice came in: "You have made dear Bess very happy, Bob."

The colonel pushed aside the curtains and entered. The huge lamp on the polished table in the centre of the room cast a yellow light on Bess's white silk gown, as she stood by the mantel sticking a piece of holly in the lapel of Bob's coat. Maria, sitting at the table, was smiling at both of them. At the soft sound of the colonel's entrance, Bess, her face beautiful with happiness, rushed toward him with outstretched arms, and throwing them around his neck, kissed his stiff, white mustache.

"Bob has just come from Denver and wants me to marry him. You dear old thing! You'll miss me so! But won't you let us get engaged?"

The colonel suddenly realized what an old fool he had been. He looked over the girl's shoulder at Maria. She stood with one slender hand resting on the great round table, the lamp glowing softly over her. She was smiling, but there was a little tinge of envy in her smile which the colonel noticed. His eye came back, and he took the girl's hands in his own warm ones and pressed them hard. "Bess, dear little girl, I'm glad, I'm very glad this happened."

Florence M. Alexander, '10.

"Knowing how to paint and to use one's colors rightly has not any connection with originality."

## A Christmas Greeting

The Massachusetts Puritans never had enough of the Renaissance spirit, which imbued even their English ancestors, to consider the wish for a Merry Christmas as aught than impious. Gradually, however, the words were adopted, though the conservative spirit of the times still preferred the greeting for a Happy New Year. Surely the latter wish is a more extended one, and perhaps more feasible to attain. One cannot always be merry on Christmas, even if it comes but once a year, but one can be happy all the year round, if one goes to work to build up happiness on constructive lines rather than on a decorative basis.

Yet as a personal wish to each and all of the Normal Art School, may Christmas be a merry day, if only because the love of art is weaving itself into your life through endless avenues of enjoyment, enabling you to see the real friendliness lurking in the grotesque in life, and to use in illustrative work and teaching the little incidents that inform the spirit of Christmas with good will.

There is ever so much fun in Christmas if we gather in its possibilities. It is like a moral holiday, when one feels free to eat more than is enough; to give more than one can afford (and many do this); to like everybody, even one's self; to take things at their face value, and when that is not much, to make it much, by believing that it really is a good deal. Do not let the holiday be spoilt by reminiscences of years when things were better. Do not have a "grouch" against any one, and the day will involuntarily become almost a merry one.

And now for the larger wish of a Happy New Year, its fulfillment to be found in the simplicity of your aim. A Happy New Year to Class A,—the *elementary* happiness of discovering whether or not Class A is a fit habitation, or if some one has mistaken her calling,—the happiness of getting out of Class A and entering upon some other work. A whole year is none too much to understand one's self, and at little cost, for a year is not long as schools reckon days. Then whatever may be the outcome of the discovery of what one's self is, it is a comfort to know one has at least learned something; that *light* and *shade* are relative terms; that *still life* includes *onions*, and that *geometric problems* concern adaptation of one's self to one's instructors.

A still happier Year to Class B. Then life begins to glow with

**"'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the halls, the genial flame of charity in the heart."**

color. Then *advanced perspective* means perception of right relationships all through life. Then one puts her sprouting originality into *composition*, and studies *portraiture* as the search for the invisible elements of character.

A Happier Year yet to Class C, when all the kaleidoscopic material of the past begins to form the firm foundation for *constructive* arts, when at last one is sure one is; a permanent unit; an individual microcosm; a worker full of potentiality, to whom success is no longer a possibility, but an assured potent fact. Then does *orthographic projection* spell itself all along the lines of growth; *machine drawing* become the actual test of right and wrong, and *laboratory work* its more visual exponent, while originality dares to claim its right to render itself permanent in *design*.

To Class D as Happy a Year is to come, for by *designing in the round* is felt the swing of the eternal circles. By creating, also, the semblance of human life grows realization of the truth that out of chaos has come *form*, the orderly framed sequence of whatever was, is, and is to be, as clay and plaster, stone and marble perpetuate the visions of *form*.

A gayly happy New Year to Class E, when the surplus beauty of *decorative* design is applied to the sure construction and pure outlines of form already gained, for decoration is the laughter of the happy human heart. Right well is it to imprison beauty in the utility of *arts and crafts* and to make the adornments of self and home by which daily life is enriched.

To the Public School Class, the Happiest of all Happy New Years, as the joy of service, the fruition of usefulness has now begun, when all that has been learned is transmuted into gifts to others, giving to them with enthusiasm that which one has first gladly received. Then do *methods* and *manners* become types of personality, and subjects and courses are illumined through sympathy with little children.

Yet all along the year there will have come tired mistakes. Heed them not, only be not tired next year. If, after all, there is failure, let it be that of the faithful failure, which never is counted as loss.

Kate Gannett Wells.

## The Power of Man

Professor William James, in a recent magazine article called "The Powers of Men," discusses the question whether mankind is not able to display much greater activity and energy than is ordinarily practiced. He says that the majority of people "habitually use only a small part of

their power," and that "men and women the world over possess amounts of resource which only very exceptional individuals push to their extreme use." He thinks that the average normal individual can push his energies to their extreme, and keep the pace up day after day without finding any bad reaction, if only decent hygienic conditions are preserved. This is evident, that our organism has stored up many layers of energy that are not ordinarily called upon. Usually we make a practice of stopping an occupation as soon as we meet the first layer (so to speak) of fatigue, but if we only force ourselves to press onward, a surprising thing happens. The fatigue gets more pronounced up to a certain point, when it passes away, and we are fresher than before. Almost every one has experienced the getting of "the second wind," but few people know that you can also get your "third and fourth wind." Mental activity shows this phenomena, as well as physical.

Professor James, as we all know, is one of the greatest psychologists of the present day, and we can with confidence accept his observations on the human mind. For art students they are particularly comforting! I think we all at times have periods of despair, when it seems as if we now "have come to the end of our rope." Quite frequently we hear in the studios remarks like these: "I have worked on this till I am sick and tired of it," or "I can't do any more to this; I wish he'd come along and tell me what's the matter with it." As Professor James says, we are sometimes inclined to "stop an occupation when we meet the first layer of fatigue." Now the great problem is this: How can we train ourselves to the most useful pitch of energy and make the best possible use of our resources? The natural answer is this: "Work some more!" But most of us do already work as many hours as we can; we must improve our minds in other directions than art, and perhaps some of us have duties outside the school.

Again we turn to the philosopher for advice. He says that when measuring the human energies, quality as well as quantity must be taken into account. That is, not only how many hours do we work, how continuously do we work in those hours, but also how concentrated do we work? No matter how carefully we study an object, we can study it still more carefully. No matter how keenly we observe, we can observe still more keenly. When we think we have done our utmost, we have only just begun. We can unearth layers and layers of energy if only we "preserve decent hygienic conditions," such as relax and rest (recess presents itself to the mind in this connection), and we will bring forth treasures of capacity that we never dreamed of possessing. We can—at least Professor William James, of Harvard, says so.

Ellen Warberg Sawyer, '10.

# EDITORIALS

May Christmas be a happy one to you; happy to many more whose happiness depends on you.—Dickens.

May the Christmas spirit which Charles Dickens radiates in his Yuletide stories prevail in our atmosphere. Certainly we are happiest when we are making our neighbors happy.

Let us remember that it is not so much the value or worth of the present one gives, but the spirit with which it is given. Let us cast aside all troubles and pains, and enter into the celebration of the birth of our Lord with happiness and praise, who came into the world to say, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

During the past few weeks considerable interest in baseball has been manifested. Mr. Bartlett, when approached on the subject of supporting a team in the school, stated that he had no objections, provided that no debts were contracted in the school's name. A paper was then circulated to ascertain the true sentiment of the boys on the subject. So far, forty have signed as willing to contribute financially and otherwise to the support of a baseball team, and upwards of a dozen have stated that they played on their preparatory school teams. In the near future, probably before this paper appears, all contributors will be formed into an athletic association, and after a constitution has been adopted, officers, including a manager, will be elected. It seems probable that, with an early start, a good schedule can be arranged, and if the fellows show as much enthusiasm next spring as they are showing now, a successful season should result.

We regret to say that, owing to the illness of Miss Jean Kimber, of Pittsburg Academy, the Alumni Notes for this issue must be omitted.

The editorial staff wishes to announce the following winners of the December prize story competition: First prize, "The Colonel's Christmas Eve," Florence M. Alexander, '10; second prize, "Success Is Not All," Enid A. Cutting, '11. Miss Alexander's story appears in this issue.

# ART NOTES

S. Annette Washburn

"The otherday I went into the Bargello, after an absence of eleven years, with the especial purpose of renewing my acquaintance with the Donatellos. They were in an unfamiliar arrangement and, to my chagrin, their appeal was so slow and imperfect that, for a moment, I was in something like a panic. Was it possible that with the departure of youth had been exhausted the capacity for impressions so potent and so often proved? A little reflection and a test with Antonio Pollajuolo's Warrior showed that neither the Donatellos nor I had changed. They had merely been subordinated to a logical, but unpleasing, scheme. The St. George, the David, all of them had been taught to move in prison lockstep. A "Donatello Hall" had been created, in which all available casts of the master's sculpture were collected, the grandiose Gattamelata properly dominating the display. The dozen original pieces had been placed on guard in two files at the end of the great hall in such a disposition that the bronzes killed the marble, while the plaster casts crushed both impartially. The obesion of the more numerous copies was so uncomfortable that the quiet enjoyment of the originals was extremely difficult.

"If this were true of one thoroughly familiar with the master's work—in whom, then, the completion of the casts caused no real ambiguity—how much more must it have been the case with the tourists painfully picking out the veritable sculpture of Donatello by the light of Mr. Baedeker's asterisks?"—Quoted from the article on "An Art Museum for the People," by Frank Jewett Mather, appearing in the December Atlantic Monthly.

In this article Mr. Mather interestingly sets forth the purpose and reasons which are the cause of the novel kind of museum that we are all going up to see soon in the Fenway.

The January exhibition, to be held at the rooms of the Society of Arts and Crafts, will consist of carved wood, mirrors, and picture frames. It will be opened January 6, 1908.

## "He that sips of many arts drinks of none."

The "Mother and Child," by George DeForrest Brush, which is in the Museum of Fine Arts, has been cleaned and re-hung in a better light.

In looking over the pictures of the recent Cecilia Beaux exhibition, one, especially if he be an Art student, should have noticed and studied the difference of feeling and manner of painting in the portraits of some of her subjects as compared to the way that she has treated others. Her treatment of the "Mother and Child," which hung in the centre of the right wall on entering, was very refined, and as unlike as possible to the portraits just beyond, which were brilliant and seemed exaggerated.

Frederick W. Coburn says in the International Studio that "The new building for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is beyond peradventure the most important museum project at present underway anywhere. The published plans have shown that a novel type of museum is in process of creation. The collections of one of the oldest of American museums of fine arts will shortly be sheltered in a scientifically-planned structure, embodying conceptions that have not been heretofore embodied on any considerable scale. The largest undertaking of its kind it is not, in a physical sense, though its ultimate dimensions will be impressive. Primarily it exemplifies, with some compromises, the broadest and most advanced ideas of the science of museology."

The conclusion of the list, "Illustrated Lectures on Decorative Art," under the auspices of the Department of Design of the School of the Museum of Fine Arts: E. H. Blashfield will lecture on "Mural Painting" on February 10. Mr Walker will lecture on February 17, February 24, March 2, and March 9 on these subjects: "The History of Lace-Making," "Venetian Architecture," "The Florentine Painters," and "The Art of the Hill Towns of Italy." Mr. Hunt will lecture on March 16 on "The Craft of Metal Work." Mr. Walker will lecture on March 23, March 30, April 6, April 13, and April 20 on these subjects: "The Furniture of Louis XVI.," "The Chateaux of the Loire Country," "The Manor Houses of England." "The Application of Ornament to Machine-Made Articles in Germany, France, and England," and "The Artistic Progress in America."

The paper read by Frank M. Leavitt at last year's session has recently been published. It answers the question, "To what extent are drawing and manual training related?" by comparing the purposes of giving instruction in each. These purposes are stated so concisely and the comparison made so clearly that no teacher of either subject can fail to be benefited by reading the pamphlet. If you have not received a copy, send a two-cent stamp to Miss Ellen F. O'Connor, secretary of the Alumni Association.

E. B. Ayer

"All things come to him who waits,"
But that is merely stating
One feature of the case—you've got
To hustle while you're waiting. —Ex.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Cardinal, High School Times, Penn Charter Magazine, Boston University Beacon, Exponent, Clarion, Imp, Yellow Dragon, Picket, Enterprise, Calendar, Garnet and Blue, Drury Academe, and Cambridge Review.

In looking over the Yellow Dragon, although there is nothing prepossessing in its outward appearance, we find within its covers a great deal pertaining to the education of the Chinese that is both interesting and instructive. How few of us living here in this country, enjoying the benefits of Western civilization, have any idea of what is going on in the far East! And yet, as the Dragon proclaims on its cover page, "All within the four seas are brethren."

The Imp is pleasing in many ways, and savors strongly of the true school spirit.

To the Calendar we would suggest that the table of contents, placed as it is on the cover page, and terminating in the unpleasant word "Hash," might give one the impression that they had received a menu card from a Bohemian restaurant, instead of a high school magazine. Do not belie your paper by its cover. The two original stories it contains are amusing and praiseworthy, and add a pleasant "sparkle" to the copy.

Why have you done away with the exchange column, Enterprise? The queer little cuts you use certainly do draw attention.

We enjoyed reading the High School Times, and are glad to note that you always remember that old saying, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Would it not improve the appearance of the Times to keep all the advertisements together, and not scatter them among the reading matter?

# Class Notes

## Freshman Reception

The annual reception tendered to the Freshmen by the Seniors was held in the assembly hall of the school on Thursday evening, November 21, at 7.30 o'clock. The affair was one long looked forward to by the Freshmen, and the class of 1908 welcomed them to the school, with best wishes for the future. A large number of the faculty were present, and a pleasant reception was held for half an hour. Following the reception, dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Great credit is due to those in charge of the decorations, as they were most effective, and appropriate for the occasion. The event was a great success, socially and financially. The following acted as floor directors: Charles A. Perry and Edward A. Fox. The aids were: Miss Amy Butterfield, Miss Calista Fales, Miss Mabel Bond, Miss Alice Stephens, Morley Cameron, Harry Jacobs, Lawrence Loring, Herbert Packard, and Harley Perkins.

## '08

Charles R. Mabie — Gertrude Nason

Headquarters for fudge!

Have you seen the purple trees? Wait! Let me get a glass of water. Where's the fan?

Students walk and their feet get tired. They work and their hands get tired. They talk. Query: Why don't their tongues get tired?

You're only jealous.

Mr. B——h: "Can you suggest a color for variety to put on my house?" Laughter.

Miss B——r, why so happy and why that lovely color?

Who says history of architecture?

Mr. K——r: "Will you please tell me what I shall do for a drawing from copy?"

Instructor: "A drawing from copy? Please use the official name. You mean the study of Classic Orders."

Mr. K——r: "Yes, that's it I didn't have time to ask Mr. B——h."

The Star Spangled Portrait Class!

Was the bread stale?

No, it was stole.

Fat Model: "I don't like this Japanese chattering. I've traveled and studied some, and I understand just what they say. No, it is just as well you shouldn't know. These Orientals always are so clever."

Tough on the Swedish.

An unfortunate youth named P——
Went for a free show to see,
He arrived bright and early,
And later Dame Curley
Made a rising young artist of he.

Art is high. If Johnsor hasn't reached it yet, where are the rest of us?

Isn't it queer
How things disappear
When Randall is near!

"Good morning, little Sunbeam! Why don't you shine upon us often?"

Miss E—— (frowning at her dripping canvas): "Because my paint melts when I do."

## '09

Daniel Stewart — Constnce Bevan

Ask Gracie what it is she can't paint.

We take great pleasure in congratulating Mr. L—— on his engagement. She is charming, evidently being created just to suit his fancy.

Wanted! A guardian for Miss C—— R—— whenever it is necessary for her to use the subway. As yet she does not know the difference between the "Entrance" and "Exit" signs.

Bobbie Burns is a popular poet in one studio.

Mr. M——s (entering Mr. H——n's studio): "I want a pair of wings."

Miss P——d: "I have them right here."

There is no excuse for any face that isn't spotless in the Design Class now. Even shower baths are provided free.

Every one is sorry that Mr. Stuart is unable to be at school, as he is ill with the grippe. Miss Leveau is also unable to be at school, for the same reason.

## '10

Alice H. Stephens — Edgar Breed

It is the much-abused Englishman who is said to see the point the day after, but it remains for an American, and one of our own students, at that, to totally eclipse him.

We are sorry to hear that the leading lady in "The Man from Montana" has resigned.

**"Enthusiasm is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus, it moves stones, it charms brutes."**

Mr. Thayer was recently discovered laughing at a joke he heard eight years ago (think of it!), and the point of which he had seen then for the first time!

It is not usual for turtledoves to roost in studios, but we have a pair in ours, and they are continually cooing to each other. Any one know them?

Which young lady is the heavier, Miss Rupe or Miss Flye? Ask Miss Rupe.

Some one is very good to Carl, for he receives flowers every morning.

Nichols has a terrible maladie (pardon the spelling), for he has the dumps one morning and is cheerful the next. It is understood he escorts a charming young person to school mornings. And sometimes she is not nice to him. Poor Fred!

When "Hib" sits in a game, they say,
In "Pommy's" little room,
The matches that he takes away
Would nearly fill the moon.

Miss K—— tells us that she thinks we will get a bundle of sticks for Christmas; but we were informed that we "deserved raw-hides"!

Miss Farley: "And now I'm going to scrape mine, so it will hang together."

(Later): "How do you scrape it so the paint won't come off?"

Talk about your great paintings! You just ought to see our first attempts!

How quiet our studio has become! We really can take care of ourselves now!

Poor Miss L——l, she's got to take her face off!

## '11

John Davis — Bernice Staples

Did any one know Miss W——n was a ballet dancer?

At a meeting of the Freshman class the following officers were elected: President, Harold Maddock; vice-president, Marian Langlands; secretary, Frances Downs; treasurer, Grover Goodsell.

Ask Miss M—— H——who has red hair in her studio.

"A bad painter caricatures himself."

Work is an unknown quantity to certain known quantities in Mr. Andrew's studio.

There is a whisper of forming a glee club. Is it possible?

Identification wanted in the Freshman class, Miss Plumb-Bob.

We beg to inform J. D——a that the steps on the platform in the lecture hall are not to be used as a bamboo slide.

Some of the Freshmen intend to decorate tombstones.

Edith has a little fellow
Sitting on a yellow stool.
Such a "crush" was never heard of—
So says every one in school.

Did you ever think how many things a Freshman is supposed to know by intuition?

Successful men are the ones that spell lucky with a "p" in front of it.—Ex.

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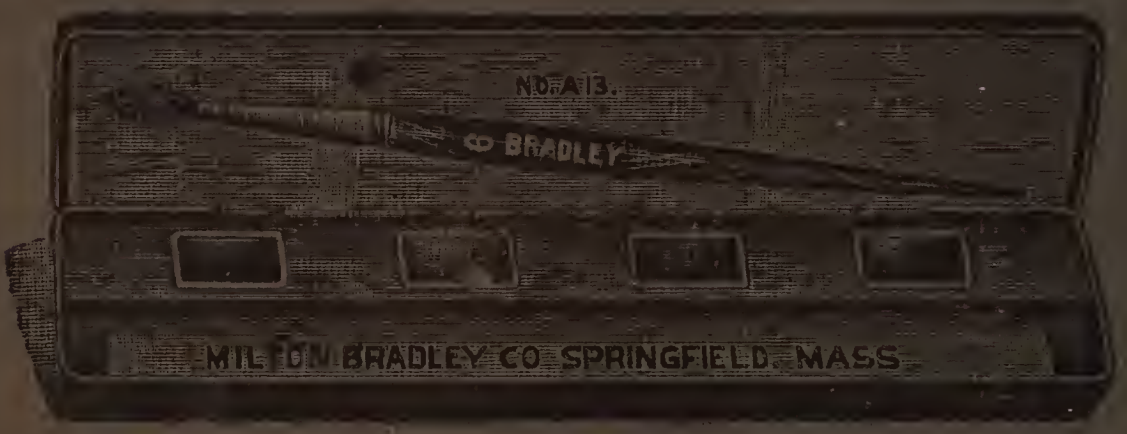


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